

1189 [**POST FREE**
In Great Britain only] 6d. OR 15 CENTS

FRENCH'S ACTING EDITION

(Late Lacy's).

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM

The Amateur Fee for each Representation of this piece is
10/6, payable to Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, London.

LONDON :
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK :
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
24, WEST 22ND STREET.

BELFAST—
J. NICHOLSON, 26, Church Lane.

BIRMINGHAM—
W. H. SMITH & SON, 34, Union St.

BRADFORD—
BILBROUGH & KITCHINGMAN,
5, Dale Street.

BRISTOL—
E. TOLEMAN, 2, Rupert Street.

DUBLIN—
MORROW'S LIBRARY, 12, Nassau St.

EDINBURGH—
H. ROBINSON, 111-115, Leith St.

GLASGOW—
WM. LOVE, 221, Argyle Street.

LEEDS—
R. JACKSON, 18, Commercial St.

LIVERPOOL—J. BURKINSHAW,
28-30, Colquitt Street.

MANCHESTER—
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate
and Ridgefield.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—
THOMAS ALLAN, 18 & 20, Blackett
Street.

PLYMOUTH—
W. HEARDER, 195, Union St.

PRESTON—
J. WATKINSON, 41, Cannon St.

SHEFFIELD—
GEO. SLATER, 54, Snighill.

BOMBAY—
THACKER & Co.

CALCUTTA—
THACKER, SPINK & Co.

MADRAS—
HIGGINBOTHAM & Co.,
165, Mount Road.

SIMLA—
THACKER, SPINK & Co.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—
J. C. JUTA, Cape Town.

MELBOURNE—
WILL ANDRADE,
201, Bourke Street.

ADELAIDE—
E. S. WIGG & SON.
CAWTHORNE & Co.

NEW ZEALAND—
J. BRAITHWAITE, Dunedin.
G. T. CHAPMAN, Auckland.
S. & W. MACKAY, Wellington.

SYDNEY—
S. J. KIRBY,
545, George Street.

NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.

NO BOOKS EXCHANGED.

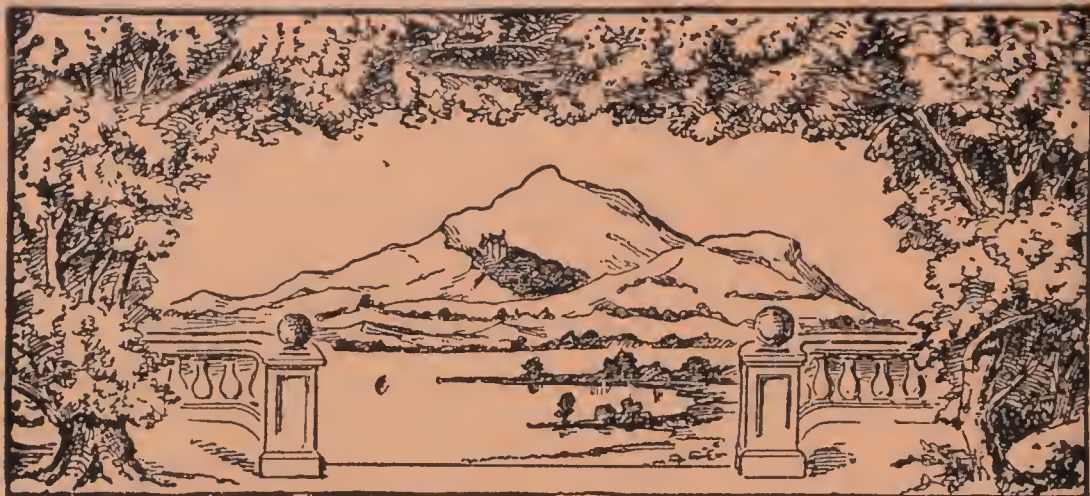
6,000 Plays, 2,000 Recitations. Send for Catalogue.
Post Free.

Guide to Selecting Plays. New Edition. Describing
2,000. Price 1s.

SCENERY.

With a view to obviate the great difficulty experienced by Amateurs (particularly in country houses) in obtaining Scenery, &c., to fix in a Drawing Room, and then only by considerable outlay for hire and great damage caused to walls, we have decided to keep a series of mounted Coloured Scenes which are ready for immediate use or they can be had unmounted on thirty sheets of strong paper and can be joined together or pasted on canvas or wood, according to requirement. Full directions, with diagrams shewing exact size of Back Scenes, Borders and Wings, can be had free on application. The following scenes are kept in stock.

GARDEN.



Kept in two sizes. The size of the back scene of the smaller one is 10 feet long and 6½ feet high, and extends with the Wings and Border to 15 feet long and 8 feet high. The back scene of the large one is 13 feet long and 9 feet high and extends with the Wings and Border to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. It is not necessary to have the scene the height of the room, as blue paper to represent sky is usually hung at the top.

	£	s.	d.
Small Size, with Wings and Border complete, unmounted ..	1	10	0
Ditto, mounted on canvas	3	3	0
Large Size, with Wings and Border complete, unmounted ..	2	0	0
Ditto, mounted on canvas	4	4	0
Blue Paper, 20 inches by 30, per sheet	0	0	2

WOOD.



Kept in two sizes, same as the Garden Scene, and at similar price.

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM!

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY
THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, Esq.,

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

AUTHOR OF

Leï on parle Français, Turn Him Out, The Little Sentinel, My Wife's Mail
Tweedleton's Tail Coat, The Trials of Tompkins, Jack's Delight, An
Ugly Customer, Nursey Chickweed, On and Off, A Race for a
Widow, I've written to Brown, Peace and Quiet, Ruth
Oakley, Gossip, Truth and Fiction, Cruel to be Kind,
The Silent System, A Charming Pair, The Better
Half, The Desert Flower, Little Daisy, My
Dress Boots, Pipkin's Rustic Retreat, My
Turn Next, Found in a Four-Wheeler,
Larkins' Love Letters, Lion Slayer;
or, Out for a Prowl! A Cure for
the Fidgets, Who's to Win
Him? The Peep-show
Man, A Silent Pro-
tector, etc., etc

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
24, WEST 22ND STREET.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs C. F. Hall

TIME—Present day

Time of performance : 50 minutes.

COSTUMES.

DE WALKER.—Frock coat, double-breasted waistcoat, dark pants, greyish wig, black moustache (distingué make-up.)

BROMPTON.—Fashionable morning costume.

EUPHEMIA.—Affected, and “would-be juvenile” make-up, silk dress, &c., &c.

ISABELLA.—White muslin dress, &c., &c.

NANCY.—Smart maid-servant’s make-up.

ader the
February

Charles
news.

ey.

field.

avey.

Farren.

ouse.

0024.8453



ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.



SCENE — *A comfortably furnished parlour in a country house. At back, c., a glass door, (with windows extending half way down) through which a conservatory is seen. R. a table with writing materials—doors R. and L. Table, chairs, &c.*

NANCY. (*discovered brushing a coat*) What pains gentlemen do take with themselves, when they come a courting—they always put on bran new things. Now here's a han'som' coat! a regular *lovyer's* coat! Ah! I've brushed a few lovyers' coats since I first came to service in this house. Poor young fellows! they come down here all in their Sunday best, looking like so many valentines, all brim full of love and hope and what not, but bless you, before they've been here a week, Mr. de Walker gives 'em the cold shoulder, and shows 'em the door as neat as ninepence, and Miss Isabella is as far off being married as ever. Ah, he's a rare enemy to marriages is master!

Enter MR. DE WALKER, door in flat, c.

DE W. Nancy!

NANCY. Why I declare if master isn't up already!

DE W. Already! I've been awake ever since *four*! Mr. —a—a— (*irritably*) What the *devil's* his name, came down last night, didn't he?

NANCY. Mr. Brompton, sir? yes, sir! he arrived after all the family had gone to bed. John, the gardener, let him in—he said he missed the afternoon train by just *two minutes*.

DE W. I wish he had missed it altogether. (*anxiously*) But what's he like? *frightful, hideous, eh?*

NANCY. Law, sir, *I don't know.*

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, (under the management of Mr. B. Webster), Monday, February 10th, 1868.

CHARACTERS.

MR. THEOPHILUS DE WALKER	{ a "too fond parent" }	Mr. Charles Mathews.
MR. CYMON BROMPTON	{ an "impetuous" bachelor }	Mr. Ashley.
MISS EUPHEMIA DE WALKER	{ a romantically inclined spinster }	Mrs. Caulfield.
ISABELLA	{ a young lady with "no objection to get married" }	Miss Schavey.
NANCY (a housemaid with an "independent spirit")		Miss E. Farren.

SCENE.—The interior of De Walker's country house.

TIME—Present day

Time of performance : 50 minutes.

COSTUMES.

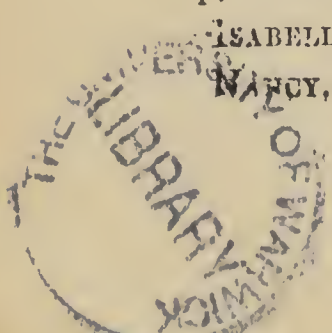
DE WALKER.—Frock coat, double-breasted waistcoat, dark pants, greyish wig, black moustache (distingué make-up.)

BROMPTON.—Fashionable morning costume.

EUPHEMIA.—Affected, and "would-be juvenile" make-up, silk dress, &c., &c.

ISABELLA.—White muslin dress. &c., &c.

NANCY.—Smart maid-servant's make-up.



00248453

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.



SCENE — *A comfortably furnished parlour in a country house. At back, c., a glass door, (with windows extending half way down) through which a conservatory is seen. R. a table with writing materials—doors R. and L. Table, chairs, &c.*

NANCY. (*discovered brushing a coat*) What pains gentlemen do take with themselves, when they come a courting—they always put on bran new things. Now here's a han'som' coat! a regular *lovyer's* coat! Ah! I've brushed a few *lovyers'* coats since I first came to service in this house. Poor young fellows! they come down here all in their Sunday best, looking like so many valentines, all brim full of love and hope and what not, but bless you, before they've been here a week, Mr. de Walker gives 'em the cold shoulder, and shows 'em the door as neat as ninepence, and Miss Isabella is as far off being married as ever. Ah, he's a rare enemy to marriages is master!

Enter MR. DE WALKER, door in flat, c.

DE W. Nancy!

NANCY. Why I declare if master isn't up already!

DE W. Already! I've been awake ever since *four*! Mr. —a—a— (*irritably*) What the *devil's* his name, came down last night, didn't he?

NANCY. Mr. Brompton, sir? yes, sir! he arrived after all the family had gone to bed. John, the gardener, let him in—he said he missed the afternoon train by just *two minutes*.

DE W. I wish he had missed it altogether. (*anxiously*) But what's he like? *frightful, hideous, eh?*

NANCY. Law, sir, *I don't know*.

DE W. (*angrily*) Don't know? (*pointing to coat*) Haven't you been into his room to fetch his coat?

NANCY. Lawks, no sir! (*disdainfully*) Do you think I'd go into a gentleman's room while he was *in bed*? It was John the gardener who fetched it out!

DE W. He *snores*! eh? I'm sure John told you he *snores*—loudly, violently, repulsively, eh? and *wears a night-cap*, eh? an odious, unpicturesque *night-cap*—(*anxiously*) *eh*?

NANCY. Law, sir, how should I know?

DE W. (*much annoyed*) Senseless menial! you never know anything—away!

NANCY. (*aside*) Ah, master's in one of his tantrums—he always is when anyone comes down to pop to Miss Isabella. (*opens door R., hastily throws coat in, crosses stage, and exit L.*)

DE W. (*alone, soliloquizing*) Who would be a father! * *who would?* (*to the audience*) Oh, I thought I heard someone say *he would*—and I shouldn't wonder if he would. There's a good deal to be said in favour of it—but there's one fatal drawback—in all probability he may have children—nay, perhaps an only child—an only daughter, like myself—no, I don't mean that, *I'm not an only daughter*—I mean a daughter, as I have—and in that case I give him notice that there's trouble in store for him! Let him take warning by *my* sad fate—yes, *I have a daughter, a darling child, my only treasure, the apple of my eye.* She lost her mother before she was a year old, and I became her solitary parent, and though I say it, she was the sweetest little thing you ever set eyes upon. But *cantankerous*—oh, very! in fact a more eantankerous baby I never knew. I don't mean to say that she was a bad child, oh dear no, quite the reverse, she was what old ladies call “as good as gold”—but the little monkey would have nothing to say to anyone but *me*—I must be always nursing her, feeding her, dressing her, in short I was transformed into a regular old nurse—without the wages! Never mind, *I was happy, and she was happy, and we've been happy ever since.* Well, on we went till time came to send her to school. But there the same difficulty arose. No school suited her, because “papa” wasn't with her. One after the other was tried, but all of no use. Fifteen different “seminaries for young ladies” in two years—with a dozen towels,

* The following humorous soliloquy was written by Mr. C. Matthews, by whose permission it is now inserted.

knife, fork, and spoon to each—fifteen knives, forks, and spoons, and a hundred and eighty towels—all swallowed up in two years! Then I had daily governesses by the score, followed by resident governesses, and a pretty life *they* led me. “Salary not so much an object as a comfortable situation,” and I will do them the justice to say that *comfortable* they made themselves. Four meals a day were nothing at all. Such appetites I never saw! what appetites they had to be sure! and so *particular* too! Why the last threatened to leave, because one day the *veal* was underdone, and I had to discharge the cook, who, by the bye, summoned me to the County Court for the balance of her wages, £4 15s. 9d.—and though I made oath that the veal was *not* underdone, the judge decided — But however, all this has nothing to do with the question, but the governesses bills *have*, for they were pretty stiff ones, I can tell you. Why, bless you, I had the girl taught French, German, Italian, music, flower painting on velvet, and every other elegant accomplishment, including the use of the globes—and what for, I should like to know? now comes the beauty of the thing—why to bestow her upon the first puppy in lavender kids and patent leathers who chooses to take a fancy to her, and who may carry her off to the Antipodes for all I know, or for all he cares! Twenty years we have lived together in peace and tranquility, deating upon each other, living for each other, not a thought *but* for each other—when all of a sudden, would you believe it, hang me if she doesn’t begin to talk about getting married! to talk about nothing *but* getting married! I call it *disgusting*! Married, indeed! just as though the ceremony didn’t involve a total separation from her poor dear father—it’s downright selfish! There are hundreds of girls that would suit any of the coxcombs as well—then why strip me of the only child I’ve got to my back! I can’t see what all the young fellows see in her, for my part I’m sure she’s as common-place a girl as any one could wish—she’s not clever, she’s not a beauty, in fact she’s of no use to anyone but the owner—but she happens to suit *me*, I’ve reared and fed her and taught her, and I’ve a right to her, yes, I have a *right* to her! indeed, I don’t know what I am to do without her! Who is to sing me charming little songs, and play me “Home, sweet Home,” with brilliant variations? (*rubbing his hands gleefully*) Hitherto, I must say, I’ve hit upon a most ingenious method of getting rid of the troublesome young coxcombs who dare to propose for her! I receive them in the

warmest and most cordial manner, I then dexterously bring to light any trifling defects they may possess and straightway report them to my daughter as faults of the *blackest* and most *hideous* description; my daughter assumes a becoming coldness of deportment, and before three days have elapsed, the young dogs discover that it's "no go!" (*chuckling*) and sneak back to town horribly discomfited—ha, ha, ha! very ingenious! (*uneasily*) I fear I shall find it a more difficult matter to get rid of this Mr.—Mr.—(*irritably*) what the plague's his name? the references are aggravatingly satisfactory, and, what's worse, his suit is highly approved of by my sister Euphemia, and my sister Euphemia is rich and unmarried, two rather important considerations—however, I warrant he'll find me "*One too many for him*" before I've done with him! (*impatiently*) Now then! is the lazy lubber going to stop in bed all day? I'm longing to analyse his character, exaggerate his deficiencies, and send the intrusive Cockney packing back to his smoky Metropolis!

Enter ISABELLA, L., running.

ISABEL. (*eagerly*) My dear papa, aunt tells me that Mr. Cymon Brompton came down last night! I'm so glad, for he is such a nice young man!

DE W. (*alarmed*) Nice young man! there's *no such thing*! the race is *extinct*—besides, my dear child, such expressions are highly improper in the mouth of a young lady. You are not of an age to form an opinion on such complicated subjects.

ISABEL. Why, pa, I'm nearly twenty—my friend, Miss Matilda Price was *married* at seventeen.

DE W. Absurd! nonsense! such *infantine* marriages never end well. Besides as regards this Mr.—Mr.—thing-umerry—I've a strong presentiment that he will not turn out—a—a—the precise thing——

ISABEL. (*vexed*) Now *there*, papa, there! I see you are *determined* to dislike everybody who pays me the slightest attention.

DE W. (*pretending to be much hurt*) Now that is an unjust remark, a *cruelly* unjust remark—I, who actually go about *beating up* husbands for you! *touting* for them, I may say! Why you've had no less than *nine* suitors introduced to you within the last *half year*, that's just *one and a half* a month—I'm sure many young ladies would be quite satisfied with so *liberal* an allowance!

ISABEL. But, pa, you *know* you sent them all away again!

DE W. Of course I did, the *selfish, interested* fellows—they were none of them *good enough* for you, my dear. No, no, I'm determined that when you *do* get a husband, he shall be a model spouse, a perfect *paragon* of marital perfections!

Enter EUPHEMIA, L. N.B.—She is attired in a would-be juvenile and "romantic" style, and speaks throughout in a "gushing" and sentimental manner.

EUPH. (*speaking as she enters*) The *silver* tea urn mind, and *all* the old china! (*eagerly to DE WALKER*) By the bye, brother, I wonder whether Mr. Brompton likes *smoked salmon*!

DE W. (*irritably*) *How should I know?* You surely wouldn't have had me wake up the young man while he was snoring?

ISABEL. (*starting*) Snoring, pa!

DE W. (*emphatically*) Ah, to be sure! it's quite a pleasure to hear him—through the wall. (*aside*) Rub number one. (*aloud*) You wouldn't have had me wake up the young man on purpose to inquire whether he liked smoked salmon! (*significantly*) Why he'd have sworn at me from beneath his *cotton nightcap*!

ISABEL. (*disappointed*) Cotton nightcap! you *don't* mean to say he wears a cotton nightcap?

DE W. Aye! with a *tassel* to it as long as my arm! Nancy told me so. (*aside, chuckling*) Rub number two!

EUPH. (*severely*) Now, Theophilus, you're beginning the old game I see! but mark me, sir! you are aware that I enjoy a comfortable little income, and that (*simperingly*) although possessed of personal advantages certainly above mediocrity, I have heroically condemned myself to an unwedded existence solely to insure the fortune of our darling Bella. (*sentimentally striking attitude*) Like to the *shipwrecked mariner* who from his *desert rock* beholds —

DE W. (*irritably*) Oh *hang* the shipwrecked mariner!

EUPH. As you please, sir, but you know our Bella's marriage is my darling project, and I am of opinion that Mr. Cymon Brompton is a most eligible candidate for Bella's hand; I trust therefore that you will *not* treat him as you have done all Bella's other suitors, whom you packed off like so many discharged lackeys; no, no, sir, mean to keep a *very* sharp eye upon you *this* time.

ISABEL. (*aside*) And so do I, pa! I can tell you!

EUPH. Hush! here comes Mr. Brompton.

DE W. (*aside, grinding his teeth*) Hang the fellow!

Enter MR. BROMPTON, R.

Ah, my dear Mr. Brompton, good morning.

MR. B. (*bowing*) 'Pon my word, ladies, I have to apologize for making my appearance so late, but my nocturnal journey by coach and rail somewhat fatigued me.

EUPH. My dear Mr. Brompton, don't mention it. Theophilus, allow me to introduce Mr. Cymon Brompton.

DE W. (*shaking hands with exaggerated cordiality*) Delighted, I'm sure. (*aside*) Dangerous looking young dog!

EUPH. (*indicating ISABELLA*) My niece Isabella's acquaintance, you have already made.

MR. B. (*ardently*) Yes, during an ecstatic half-hour of rapturous polking! Ah! the report I had heard of Miss de Walker was flattering in the extreme, but believe me, I found the reality as superior to my fondest expectations as is—a—a—Venus of Praxiteles to a—a—a—a—plaster of *Paris nymph*!

EUPH. (*to WALKER, admiringly*) How refined, how mythological!

DE W. (*uneasily*) A—a—uncommonly mythological—but stop, stop, where have I met with that exquisite simile before. (*pretending to remember*) Ah! in the supplementary number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1830. (*aside*) Rub number three!

EUPH. (*reproachfully*) Theophilus!

MR. B. (*aside puzzled*) Why I concocted it *in the train* as I came down!

EUPH. Of course, Mr. Brompton, you intend to spend a few days with us—a week at least?

MR. B. A week! (*looking "unutterable things" at ISABELLA*) I feel already that nothing but *armed force*, will ever induce me to leave *at all*!

DE W. (*aside, alarmed*) Confound the puppy's impudence!

Enter NANCY, L.

NANCY. Please, sir, Squire Merton is outside in his gig, he wants to speak to you and Miss Phemia, and hasn't a moment to stop.

EUPH. Squire Merton!

DE W. Go, Euphemia! tell him I'll be with him directly! (*exeunt EUPHEMIA and NANCY, L.—to BROMPTON*) My dear sir, you'll excuse us for *two* minutes.

MR. B. Don't mention it. No ceremony with me—besides—(*gallantly*) I shall fill up the time most agreeably with Miss de Walker.

DE W. (*aside*) Not if I know it! (*anxiously—seizing BELLA's arm, and drawing her towards door—aloud*) A—a—unfortunately Bella has domestic duties ---

ISABEL. (*surprised*) No, I haven't pa!

DE W. (*continuing, and drawing BELLA after him*) Yes, you have, miss! urgent family matters—(*making signs to BELLA*)—which require her immediate attention—you'll pardon our brief absence, my dear Sydenham.

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, sir, Brompton!

DE W. Ah, Brompton, to be sure. Come, Bella. (*to BROMPTON—significantly*) A—a—you'll find the "Gentleman's Magazine" on the table. (*Exeunt L.*)

MR. B. (*alone—disappointed*) Hang the "Gentleman's Magazine!" I thought I was going to have a delicious tête-à-tête with the object of my affections—charming girl this Miss de Walker—she made such a violent impression upon me at a party in town that I have come a hundred and fifty miles per coach and rail, to offer her my heart and hand. Hang me though, if I know what to make of that unpleasantly well read papa! I must be careful with this worthy gentleman—it strikes me he's inclined to make the most of deficiencies; luckily they are not numerous—my failings only amount to *two*—the first is, over-susceptibility as regards the fair sex—it's a terrible failing in a lawyer, but I can't help it—the moment a young lady casts a side glance at me—*thus—(burlesque leer)* and articulates my Christian name—Cymon—with the Cy—why, then it's all over with me! I cease to be a solicitor, and straightway become a *pyrotechnist*, a Congreve rocket, a Catherine wheel, a volcano! Fault No. 2, is still less excuseable in so *nice* a young man—I *take snuff*—yes! I blush to own it but the incessant study of "Blackstone's Commentaries," has rendered me as devoted a *lover of brown rappee* as the veriest *Highlander* that ever stood at a *tobacconist's door*! By the bye, now that I'm alone, I'll just regale myself with a pinch—a pinch at the right moment is so *very* refreshing! (*produces snuff-box, and is luxuriously about to raise a pinch to his nose, when DE WALKER enters at back, c.*) Hallo, here's the governor—I must conceal my petty vices! (*throws pinch of snuff away, and hurries box into his pocket.*)

DE W. (*sneezing—aside*) Eh! by George, that looked uncommonly like a *snuff-box*. My daughter abominates young snuff-takers. Now if I could only *convict* him of the habit—(*advancing*) Indulging in a quiet pinch—eh?

MR. B. (*affecting innocence*) Pinch—eh? I—oh, dear no (*coughing*)—my cough's rather troublesome. (*coughing*) Ahem! ahem! I was just taking a *voice lozenge*! (*producing box from his other pocket*) Excellent things—have one?

DE W. No, thank you. (*aside*) Voice lozenges—humbug! I don't believe a word of it! but I must conceal my hostile intentions beneath a mask of diplomatic politeness! (*assuming a bland expression*) My dear Pimlico —

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, sir, Brompton!

DE W. Ah, Brompton, to be sure—my dear Brompton, you cannot imagine how *charmed*, how *delighted* I am to see you beneath my roof, domesticated as it were among my household gods —

MR. B. (*looking at him suspiciously, and cautiously repeating after him*) My dear Mr. De Walker, you cannot imagine how *charmed*, how *delighted* I am to see myself beneath *your* roof, domesticated as it were among *your* household gods.

DE W. My sister has informed me of the object of your visit—I highly approve of it—there's my hand!

MR. B. (*as before—cautiously*) Your sister has informed *you* of the motive of my visit—*you* highly approve of it—there's my hand.

DE W. (*aside—surprised*) Why the fellow's a *human poll parrot*! (*aloud*) I admit that I was at first anything but favourably disposed towards you.

MR. B. (*cautiously*) Oh, you admit that, do you?

DE W. Yes—they say you've been a *sad fellow* in your time.

MR. B. (*affecting modesty*) Now really, upon my life—

DE W. (*continuing*) A very *devil* among the girls—eh! you sly young dog you! (*gives him a poke in the ribs.*)

MR. B. (*affecting modesty*) You really shouldn't, De Walker, (*aside*) he's testing the extent of my juvenile indiscretions. (*aloud—with solemnity*) Mr. De Walker, as I trust I am on the eve of becoming a member of your family, I consider it my duty to lay bare to you my *inmost soul*!

DE W. (*with affected heartiness*) That's right, my boy—no ceremony with me, you know. (*aside—chuckling*) Some delicious confession is at hand!

MR. B. Throughout my entire career, I have loved *two women*! (*walks up, looks all round room, behind window curtains, and under the table as though to see that no one is listening.*)

DE W. (*eagerly following him*) Two women! (*anxiously*) and they were —

MR. B. (*taking DE WALKER'S arm, leading him down and speaking mysteriously into his ear*) My mother and my old nurse!

DE W. (*disappointed*) Confound him! no go again! Infernally sharp fellow this! (*aloud—affected great cordiality*) My dear young friend, I'm delighted to meet with a young man of so exemplary a character. (*producing snuff-box*) I'll be down upon him this time! (*carelessly*) I rather think you said you *did* a little in this way?

MR. B. (*forgetting himself and mechanically advancing his hand*) Right! (*recollecting himself*) What snuff! Faugh! I—I abominate the *insane* practice!

DE W. (*aside—vexed*) Devilish wide-a-wake! I'll try another tack. (*with affected heartiness*) Do you know, Hackney —

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, sir, Brompton!

DE W. Ah, Brompton—(*blandly*) do you know, Brompton, there's a-something about you which pleases me uncommonly (*vaguely*) there's an air of a—a—a sort of—a kind of a—a—I don't exactly know what, that tells me, you're *precisely* the husband for my daughter—(*significantly*) for I must tell you that, with her *peculiar* character —

MR. B. (*alarmed*) *Peculiar*—not *very* peculiar I hope?

DE W. My dear young friend! I consider it my *duty*—my *painful* duty, to inform you that our darling Isabella has a few trifling defects —

MR. B. (*aside*) A *very* transparent dodge this!

DE W. (*emphatically*) The little angel is *self-willed*—*stubborn, violent, extravagant, passionate, spiteful and vindictive*!

MR. B. (*with perfect seriousness*) *Precisely* the qualities I have so long sought for in a young lady.

DE W. (*astonished*) Eh?

MR. B. (*with concentrated calmness*) The exact combination of peculiarities I most admire!

DE W. Eh! (*completely staggered*) Oh, then, of course—a—a—I—I've nothing more to say (*aside—angrily*) I shall loose my temper with this fellow—he's up to everything! I must retire and concoct some inevitable trap wherein to catch this juvenile Machiavelli. (*aloud*) My dear Fulham —

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, my dear sir, Brompton!

DE W. (*irritably*) Ah! I knew it was somewhere *out that way*. Excuse my again leaving you—I have a very particular letter to write—(*walks up.*)

MR. B. Write away, don't mind me.

DE W. (*coming back*) I wonder *now* whether the fellow

smokes—Isabella abominates tobacco—I'll just try. (*turning round suddenly—pretending to fumble in his pocket*) Dear—dear, how provoking! I've left my case up stairs—you don't happen to have a cigar about you? (BROMPTON, *taken off his guard, hastily plunges his hand into his pocket—DE WALKER delighted, aside*) Ha, ha! he carries a case—I knew it!

MR. B. (*suddenly perceiving the "plant," deliberately draws forth his handkerchief, and calmly blows his nose*) Cigar, did you say? I never indulge in such things!

DE W. (*aside—angrily*) Confound the fellow! I can't convict him of any fault whatever! to think now that the exigencies of society compel me to behave politely to a puppy whom I yearn to send *spinning* out of my topmost garret window—but I'll be down upon him presently! (*with a violent attempt at cordiality*) *Au revoir*, Paddington, *au revoir*! (*Exit at back, c.*)

MR. B. (*calling after him—angrily*) Brompton, sir, Brompton! (*alone*) By Jove, that was a sharp hand to hand encounter! luckily I've passed the ordeal victoriously—when he asked for a cigar I was very near producing my case, and when he proffered that *tortoise-shell* snuff-box, I was just within an ace of putting my foot in it; a little of the "*titillating mixture*" at the right moment is so *very* refreshing! (*looks round*) The coast seems clear—I'll just try whether pinch No. 2 will safely reach its destination. (*luxuriously helping himself to a pinch.*)

Enter ISABELLA, with nosegay in her hand, L.

ISABEL. (*speaking off*) Yes, aunt, directly!

MR. B. (*throwing away his pinch—vexed*) Confound it! I must give up all idea of "*rappee*" till the day after the wedding—(*irritably*) and then I'll take a quarter of a pound right off! (*carefully scrapes snuff from carpet with his foot, for fear ISABELLA should notice it.*)

ISABEL. (*placing nosegay in case on table*) Well, Mr. Brompton, you and pa seem to have had a long talk together.

MR. B. (*still endeavouring to scrape away snuff*) Oh, yes, a most interesting conversation—full of incident!

ISABEL. (*eagerly*) Has he said anything to you about going away?

MR. B. (*astonished*) Going away? no! (*alarmed*) You surely don't anticipate—I—I'm not without my faults, I know, but —

ISABEL. (*hastily*) Faults! *hush!* not a word about faults here—on the contrary, if you have any, pray conceal them as carefully as possible.

MR. B. What! even from you?

ISABEL. Of course, *I* don't trouble *you* with *mine*!

MR. B. That would be *quite unnecessary*! your papa has favoured me with a detailed list of them; among the prominent items were stubbornness, extravagance, revenge and other *Lucretia Borgia-like* peculiarities!

ISABEL. (*terribly vexed*) Now that's *too* bad of pa—he's at his old tricks I see. (*anxiously*) But you *didn't* believe him, *did* you, sir?

MR. B. Believe him! my dear Miss de Walker, I flatter myself I know how to distinguish a *rose-bud* from a *thistle*!

ISABEL. (*highly gratified*) Oh, sir.

MR. B. (*aside—complacently*) It strikes me they haven't read *that* in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*." (*aloud, fervently*) No! my dear Miss de Walker, all that I believed, and that I will *ever* believe is that you are *good, lovely, amiable, irresistible*!

ISABEL. (*bashfully*) Oh, sir!

MR. B. May I then indulge the fond hope, that if I obtain your father's consent I may venture a—a—to—a—a——

ISABEL. (*bashfully*) I *almost think* you may—(*eagerly*)—but on *one* condition, sir,—you'll promise ——

MR. B. (*eagerly*) Proceed—proceed!

ISABEL. (*tragically*) Never to wear a cotton night cap more!

MR. B. (*startling violently*) A cotton *what*?

ISABEL. It's so very unromantic!

MR. B. A cotton *night cap*!

ISABEL. Yes, they *never* wear them in *novels*!

MR. B. (*indignantly*) I solemnly swear I never perpetrated anything so unpoetical in *all my life*!

ISABEL. What! not with an *interminable tassel*?

MR. B. (*indignantly*) Neither *with*, nor *without* anything of the kind!

ISABEL. (*angrily*) Then it was a *base invention* of my father's, sir! I have *deeply wronged* you—forgive me, Mr. Cymon ——

MR. B. (*starting*) *Cymon*! she called me *Cymon*! a distinct *Cymon* with the *Cy*—. Waterloo crackers are exploding in every vein! (*aloud—passionately*) Sylph-like being! admiration would be a cold expression with which to describe the sentiments that you have awakened in this breast,—love, adoration! no! *they* won't do either; *liquid lava, Greek fire* are more the style of thing! (*takes her hand, and kisses it several times.*)

Enter DE WALKER, at back, c.

DE W. (*throwing up his hands in astonishment*) What do I behold—kissing my daughter's hand—(*aside*)—a first-rate pretext! I'll quarrel with him, and get rid of the fellow that way! (*tragically*) Base pettifogger! is it *thus* you betray the laws of hospitality? (*takes his daughter's arm and draws her away.*)

MR. B. (*starting*) Base what!

DE W. (*to ISABELLA*) What a *shock* it must have been to my Bella's feelings.

ISABEL. (*ingenuously*) No, it wasn't, pa!

MR. B. Of course it *wasn't*! why I was just going to pop.

DE W. You'll not pop here, sir—perfidious six and eightpence!

MR. B. (*offended*) Six and eightpence!

DE W. Yes, sir,—and let me take this opportunity of informing you that though she is too polite to say so, my daughter *hates the very sight of you*!

ISABEL. Oh, my dear papa —

DE W. There—you hear that—she says she *detests* you!

MR. B. (*offended*) Shades of Littleton-upon-Coke, I can't stand this!

DE W. Not another word, sir; I confess that I *was* strongly prepossessed in your favour, but after such an outrageous *violation* of decorum—the sooner you pop out of my house, sir, the better—(*aside*)—that's the style!

MR. B. (*offended*) Very good, sir, I *will* pop out of your house—I'll pop home again without further delay!

DE W. (*authoritatively*) Pop, sir, pop!

MR. B. (*vehemently*) I'll fetch my carpet-bag, and leave this *ill-mannered* locality instantler. (*to ISABELLA sentimentally*) Beauteous but too fleeting illusion, I bid thee farewell—for ever! (*exit BROMPTON into room, R.*)

DE W. (*aside, chuckling*) Ha! ha! I flatter myself I've settled his business for him!

Enter MISS EUPHEMIA, at back, c.

EUPH. Why, bless me, what is all this noise about?

ISABEL. It's pa, who has just told Mr. Brompton to *pop* home again!

EUPH. (*astounded*) Theophilus, what do I hear? What has the young man done to receive such treatment?

DE W. I blush to repeat his offence before ladies—he has actually —

EUPH. (*impatiently*) Actually what?

DE W. Actually dared to kiss Isabella's hand—*without gloves!*

EUPH. (*scornfully*) Pitiful subterfuge! I tell you what it is Theophilus—Mr. Brompton and I will leave this house together! (*walks up.*)

DE W. (*alarmed*) Euphemia!

ISABEL. My dear aunt —

EUPH. (*emphatically*) And as for my fortune! I have half a mind to *get married myself.*

DE W. (*startling*) What?

EUPH. (*angrily*) Yes, (*hysterically*) and—and have a very large family!

DE W. (*alarmed*) You wouldn't be guilty of such a thing!

EUPH. (*angrily*) You'll see, sir—Squire Merton has proposed to me *twice* already.

DE W. (*coaxingly*) You wouldn't leave your own dear Theophilly—philly —

ISABEL. (*coaxingly*) My dear aunt, for my sake —

EUPH. (*yielding*) If I relent, 'tis on the express condition that Mr. Brompton remains here, and that you make him a sweeping apology for the treatment he has received.

DE W. (*starting, and buttoning his coat violently*) I make an apology!

EUPH. Yes, sir, an immediate apology—see, here he comes; now, sir, an apology, or I'll leave the house (*tragically*)—for ever!

Re-enter BROMPTON, with carpet-bag, &c.

MR. B. Ladies, your most obedient—Mr. De Walker, (*majestically*) I wish you a very good morning!

DE W. (*stiffly*) The same to you, sir, and a—a—many of them!

EUPH. (*to DE WALKER*) Very well, sir! (*calling servant*) Nancy, Nancy!

ISABEL. Pa! you really ought —

DE W. (*aside*) I shall choke with rage, I know I shall. (*aloud*) Mr. Brixton, a—a —

MR. B. (*bawling angrily*) Brompton, sir, Brompton!

DE W. Ah, Brompton, a—a—you don't mean to say you're going already, Brompton, why—(*looking at his watch*)—the train isn't due for thirty-three minutes!

MR. B. (*majestically*) Sir, there are situations in the life of man, when his *dignity* requires that he should wait—at the station!

DE W. You persist, then—(*to ladies*)—you see he *persists*

—it would be the height of *impoliteness* in me to detain him.

EUPH. Indeed, sir! (*walking up*) then, as I have already observed, this gentleman and I will leave the house together!

DE W. (*grinning with rage, but attempting to assume a bland manner*) I shall choke, I know I shall. (*aloud*) Why what a resolute, uncompromising young fellow you are. Come, come, now! (*coaxingly*) won't you make it up with papa Walker, eh?

MR. B. (*offended*) You called me a *pettifogger*.

DE W. I was playful—I—I meant *solicitor*.

MR. B. (*offended*) You alluded to me as *six and eight-pence*!

DE W. (*coaxingly*) A harmless metaphor—a mere figure of speech—the idea of a man's being angry at being called *six and eightpence*—why the *Queen* might just as well be offended because we call her a "*sovereign*"—ha, ha, ha! *not bad*—eh? Come now, allow me —(*takes carpet bag from him—aside*) I—I'll be down upon him presently! (*puts carpet bag near table.*)

EUPH. Ah, there now—*that's* as it should be, and as earnest of this happy reconciliation—(*gushingly*) I propose that, *in our presence*, Mr. Brompton shall bestow a chaste salute upon his future bride!

MR. B. (*eagerly*) An excellent idea!

DE W. Eh! eh! what's that? (BROMPTON kisses ISABELLA, Oh! (*in his excessive rage, DE WALKER kicks over a chair.*)

EUPH. Why, brother, what are you doing?

DE W. Oh, nothing, nothing at all! I—I'm enjoying this little family picture! (*aside*) I only wish I was a mad dog for just two minutes!

Enter NANCY.

NANCY. If you please, miss, breakfast is ready.

EUPH. Isabella, take Mr. Brompton's arm.

MR. B. (*to ISABELLA, offering his arm*) Miss de Walker, may I be permitted the transcendant felicity —

(*Exeunt BROMPTON and BELLA into breakfast room.*)

EUPH. (*at door*) Come, Theophilus — (*Exit.*)

DE W. (*aside*) I—I'll be with you directly. (*alone—angrily*) This will never do! I've met my match at last—I was *one too many for all the rest*, but if I don't mind, I shall find this fellow "*one too many for me!*" he will marry Bella under my very nose, in spite of me! the *Vandal*, the *Visigoth*, is gradually advancing upon my daughter like the

barbarians of old upon the Roman Empire. (*walks to and fro*) What's to be done? will *no one* sympathise with a bereaved parent?

Enter NANCY, L.

NANCY. Please, sir, breakfast is a getting cold.

DE W. Don't bother me about breakfast. (*to NANCY, fiercely*) What's to be done, I say, to arrest the progress of this seductive solicitor, this *ruthless* espouser?

NANCY. (*surprised*) Law, sir, how should I know?

DE W. (*struck by a sudden idea*) Stay! a brilliant idea! this girl is obtuse but good looking, *she* shall be the instrument with which I'll ruin the fellow's reputation. (*aloud*) Nancy!

NANCY. (*startling*) What sir!

DE W. Do you perceive yonder *Hun*, yonder *Ostrogoth*, coolly enjoying his breakfast? (*pointing through open door, L.*)

NANCY. What, young missis's young man?

DE W. (*indignantly*) How *dare* you allude to him in any such capacity! (*emphatically*) Now mark me, Nancy—within *half an hour* from this, by *hook* or by *crook*, by *fair* means or by *foul*, you must prevail upon that young man to *kiss you*!

NANCY. Kiss a gentleman! (*shocked*) Lawks, sir! you don't mean it!

DE W. (*sternly*) Mean it, girl! I command, I ordain it; there's a sovereign for you, and you shall have another as soon as the operation is over!

NANCY. (*resolutely*) Please sir, I couldn't *think* of such a thing—I *really* couldn't!

DE W. Consent immediately, or I give you warning on the spot!

NANCY. (*taking sovereign*) Well, I suppose if I must, I must! (*going*) 'Things is coming to a pretty pass when respectable young female 'ousemaids is *obliged* to *kiss* the *young men* visitors!

DE W. A good *loud one*, mind! Hush! retire! here comes my sister.

NANCY. (*in astonishment, as she goes out*) Well, I never! master's a goin' out of his senses—but if the gentleman hadn't been so *nice looking* I declare I'd *never* have done it, that I wouldn't! (*exit L.*)

Enter EUPHEMIA, L.

EUPH. My dear Theophilus, what are you thinking of? the idea of leaving us *all alone* at breakfast with Mr. Brompton!

DE W. (*with serio-comic earnestness*) Breakfast, I've had my breakfast—alas! I have just made a discovery which will serve me for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, for the next week to come!

EUPH. (*surprised*) Theophilus, you terrify me—what has happened?

DE W. (*in a hollow voice*) That precious *protégé* of yours is making love to our maid servant Nancy—here, under our very nose!

EUPH. (*amazed*) Impossible!

DE W. She has just confessed it herself—the vile Lothario gave her five shillings this morning for brushing his coat, and offered to stand half a sovereign if she'd only tie his cravat for him!

EUPH. Pshaw! instances of pure good nature.

DE W. Good nature! why he's *kissing her* in every corner of the house—is that good nature?

EUPH. (*highly shocked*) Theophilus! give me but proof of this, and I abandon the deceitful young man for ever.

DE W. Proof! (*aside, looking off*) Here he comes, closely followed up by Nancy. (*aloud*) Proof! I rather think you said *proof*—retire with me behind yonder door, and you shall have ample proof of his Don Juan like behaviour. Quick! they come! (*exeunt at back, c., partially closing the glass door, through which they are seen peeping.*)

Enter BROMPTON followed by NANCY, L.

MR. B. (*aside*) Remarkably communicative handmaiden this! (*aloud*) And so you say, you are tired of living down in the country?

NANCY. (*shyly*) Yes, please, sir, I should like a place up in London much better—I do so *long* to see London!

MR. B. But what would your sweethearts down here say, if you were to abandon them.

NANCY. Sweethearts! lawk, sir, (*tittering*) I ain't got no sweethearts.

MR. B. Nonsense, don't tell me, a pretty girl like you. (*aside*) Now I look at her she is an *uncommonly* pretty girl.

NANCY. Besides, I don't care about *country-going* sweethearts, I don't!

MR. B. A soul above bumpkins, I see.

NANCY. (*playing with the corner of her apron*) I should like a smart London lover—(*giggling, with affected shyness*) He, he, he!

MR. B. (*aside*) Amazingly confidential. So you'd prefer a Metropolitan adorer, would you?

NANCY. (*same play*) Yes, like—like — (*giggling, and looking at BROMPTON*) He! he! he!

MR. B. Like *what*?

NANCY. (*with an affectedly stupid laugh*) He! he! he! Li-li-like *you*, sir.

MR. B. (*aside, arranging his collar*) The devil she would! a—a—there's a great deal of discrimination about this girl!

NANCY. (*continuing*) You're just *my style*, you are—he! he! he! (*edges close up to BROMPTON as though inviting him to kiss her.*)

MR. B. Oh, I am, am I? (*aside*) By Jove this rustic beauty is unmistakably captivated by my personal appearance. 'Pon my life I almost wish it was *Christmas time*, and that there was a bit of *mistletoe* handy!

NANCY. (*aside*) He's a going to take the hint. (*lays her head against BROMPTON'S shoulder.*)

MR. B. (*looking at NANCY*) So I'm just your style, am I? (*just at this moment the lock of door is heard to turn—BROMPTON looks round and perceives DE WALKER'S head looking through glass door*) Aha! the enemy on the look out. I see, *this girl is a trap, a snare!* (*totally altering his manner, he gravely takes NANCY by the hand, and comes down with her. DE WALKER and EUPHEMIA enter meanwhile cautiously at back on tip-toe, and listen intently*) Most excellent young female —

NANCY. (*aside*) It's a comin'!

MR. B. Did you ever read *Susan Hopley*?

NANCY. No sir.

MR. B. (*raising his voice—sententiously*) Then permit me to inform you that maidenly reserve, and bashful modesty, are qualities which highly adorn a—a—a lady's maid!

NANCY. (*surprised*) Sir!

MR. B. (*continuing*) The ancient Romans had such decided notions on this subject that they built a temple to the goddess Vesta.

NANCY. (*aside*) What the dickens is he talkin' about?

MR. B. (*continuing*) Among the Egyptians also it was a saying, that a damsel *without decorum*, was like an *artificial rose*—the flower without its fragrance.

EUPH. (*rushing forward, enthusiastically*) What exquisite sentiments, how beautiful! how noble! (*rapturously*) The flower without its fragrance—how *sweetly poetical!* (*to DE WALKER reproachfully*) And *this is the man you have dared to accuse—oh, brother, brother!*

DE W. (*stammering*) I—I—it was Nancy. (*aside to NANCY*) You little idiot, give me back my sovereign!

NANCY. No, sir, please, sir, it wasn't my fault, sir! I told him he was just my style! (*aside, going*) I ain't a goin' to give it back. (*exit L.*)

DE W. (*aside, stamping with rage*) The fellow bears a charm! he's invulnerable!

EUPH. (*ecstatically*) Oh, what a dear, good young man—just like *Thaddeus of Warsaw*!

Enter ISABELLA, L.

(*enthusiastically*) Oh, Isabella, if you had only heard the charming sentiments just uttered by Mr. Brompton.

ISABEL. On what subject?

DE W. (*hysterically*) A—a—the ancient Egyptians, and artificial flowers. Ha, ha! delightful! pray favour us again—a second edition of the Egyptians by all means!

MR. B. With pleasure! (*sententiously*) Among that truly sagacious people, there existed a most excellent practice —

DE W. (*sarcastically*) How profound, how erudite!

MR. B. (*continuing*) Whenever a respectable young Egyptian asked a young Egyptian lady's hand in marriage —

DE W. Eh?

MR. B. (*calmly*) It was customary to name the day forthwith!

EUPH. (*eagerly*) A very excellent practice too, and one which we shall do well to follow. (*to her brother*) What do you say to this day three months?

DE W. Impossible! much too soon, I haven't a dress coat ready!

MR. B. I'll lend you one.

DE W. No, no, I'll fix the time—the ceremony shall be performed next Monday three years!

MR. B. (*starting*) Three years! (*violently*) Three centuries!!

EUPH. (*solemnly*) Theophilus! mark me, I have already reminded you that I possess a moderate income —

DE W. (*impatiently*) I knew—I know.

EUPH. (*continuing, gushingly*) That my personal attractions are —

DE W. (*irritably*) Above mediocrity—I'm perfectly aware of it.

EUPH. (*continuing sentimentally*) That like to the shipwrecked mariner —

DE W. (*roaring furiously*) Hang the shipwrecked mariner!

EUPH. (*emphatically*) Theophilus! this marriage shall take place within three months, or I marry Squire Merton *this day week!*

DE W. (*alarmed*) The devil! no, no! (*aside*) She evidently means it—I must give in, what a bore it is to have a sister with money. (*aloud, affecting heartiness*) Well, Stratford, my boy —

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, sir, Brompton!

DE W. (*affecting cordiality*) Brompton, my dear boy, I sympathize with your impatience. I—I consent, at my sister's request, to reduce the period to six months.

EUPH. (*hastily*) Three, I said, three!

DE W. (*irritably*) Well then, *three!* three! three!

MR. B. (*shaking DE WALKER'S hand*) Ah, that's more the style of thing, I begin to believe you have some feeling about you—I will write at once to my friends informing them of the joyous tidings. (*aside, going*) Victory, victory, the day is mine! (*kisses ISABELLA'S hand and exit R.*)

ISABEL. (*surprised*) Then am I really going to be married *in good earnest?* (*delighted*) Oh, how nice! I'll run and write all about it to my old schoolfellow, Gertrude.

(*exit L., running.*)

EUPH. And I'll sit down and communicate the interesting intelligence to my worthy friend, Mistress Tabitha Tanbour. (*sits down at table and writes.*)

DE W. (*sitting down dejectedly*) It's all over—I'm a bereaved parent! They've regularly *bullied* me into it. Odious visions of wedding breakfasts and *post chaises* and *four* rise up before me. (*sorrowfully*) No more charming little songs, no more "Home, Sweet Homes" with *brilliant* variations. I'm a childless father! (*vehemently*) But no! shall I consent basely to be triumphed over by a *youthful attorney*, an incipient *pettifogger?* (*indignantly*) Perish the thought! I'll conceive some *colossal* hoax, some *mammoth dodge*, that shall render the marriage impossible. Let me see now—my sister Euphemia is credulity itself, she'll believe anything as long as it's romantic, sentimental, and *extremely* improbable! (*rising*) Yes! I'll straightway improvise a bit of fiction that shall eclipse the penny periodicals, and throw the Arabian Nights Entertainments completely into the shade! (*aloud, solemnly*) Sister, a word with you.

EUPH. (*rising, suprised*) What mournful tone is this! (*affectedlly*) It curdles my blood? (*N.B.—A burlesque*

tragedy air must be imparted to the whole of the following scene.)

DE W. (*mysteriously*) Are we alone?

EUPH. (*alarmed*) We are.

DE W. Quite alone? (*looks cautiously all round the room and behind the curtains.*)

EUPH. (*trembling*) Quite!

DE W. (*mysteriously approaching his sister and seizing her by the hand*) Are you sure that this Hoxton, Brixton, Brompton I mean,—is Brompton?

EUPH. Why, my dear brother, *who else* should he be?

DE W. (*with mysterious solemnity I'll tell you!* (*places, with much ceremony, chairs for himself and sister—they sit down*) Have you a smelling bottle about you?

EUPH. (*alarmed*) I have.

DE W. Then get it ready!

EUPH. (*alarmed*) I declare I'm sinking with terror.

DE W. (*gloomily*) The world believes I have only once been married—the world is wrong—*twice* have I led a blushing maiden to the altar!

EUPH. (*surprised*) What *do* I hear?

DE W. You remember, when a young man, I spent three years in Wales.

EUPH. (*hastily*) You did! you did!

DE W. (*pathetically*) Amid the mountain passes of that picturesque land, I became acquainted with a beautiful milkmaid; (*sentimentally*) youth is impetuous—youth is rash—I loved and married her!

EUPH. (*starting*) Married a milkmaid? Oh, goodness gracious! (*applies smelling bottle*)

DE W. (*mock pathos*) Sainted Jenny ap Morgan Jones! (*handkerchief to his eyes*)

EUPH. (*deeply interested*) Proceed, I entreat!

DE W. Scarcely had our secret union endured two years when my angel wife fell headlong over a rugged precipice, leaving me the widowed proprietor of—a little Welshman, (*sobbing*) the *very* picture of his father.

EUPH. (*drying her eyes*) Luckless orphan! (*crying*)

DE W. (*aside, much relieved*) She has actually swallowed the little Welshman.

EUPH. (*deeply interested*) But what became of him!

DE W. (*aside, puzzled*) Let me see—what the devil became of him? (*aloud, in broken accents*) Scarcely had my darling son attained his fourth year, when intelligence reached me that while playing at marbles in front of the farm-house of Llan—Llan—Llandilodoodlums, he was stolen by a—a—band of gypsies.

EUPH. (*whimpering*) Poor little dear! Just like the *Bohemian Girl*! (*pathetically*) Unhappy brother, and have you never seen your offspring more?

DE W. (*in a hoarse whisper*) Never—until to-day!

EUPH. (*alarmed*) To-day? How? When? Where?

DE W. (*mock tragedy*) Here! not three minutes ago! The voice of Nature, aided—a—a—by an invisible though unmistakable mark on his little finger, led to my recognizing in the so-called Cymon Brompton (*with a burst of mock pathos*) my long-lost son!

EUPH. (*hysterically*) He! the—the little Welshman! Oh, goodness gracious! (*falling into a chair and going off almost into hysterics*)

DE W. (*aside, complacently*) Striking incident that, rather. I was afraid it might prove too much for her. (*aloud, tragically turning to his sister*) Now do you appreciate my motives for opposing this marriage?

EUPH. (*overcome*) I do indeed! (*tragically*) Unhappy Bella, ill-fated youth!

DE W. (*hastily*) Hush! he must never know the secret of his birth. I need not tell you that an insurmountable barrier prevents me from ever pressing my son, my little Welshman, to this paternal bosom!

EUPH. (*sentimentally*) Heart-rending situation! Truth is indeed "*stranger than fiction.*"

DE W. It is—it is, much stranger! (*mock tragedy*) Swear never to reveal the mystery I have just confided to you!

EUPH. (*holding forth her hand*) I swear!

DE W. Hush! he comes! (*pathetically*) The little Welshman comes!

Enter BROMPTON gaily, R.

MR. B. Aha, my dear Mr. de Walker, I've finished my letter.

DE W. (*aside*) You'll have a postscript to add presently. (*aloud, pathetically*) Your hand, my s—, my friend, I mean—your hand! (*pressing BROMPTON'S hand with affected emotion*) Thanks! Thanks!

EUPH. (*aside, sympathetically*) His paternal emotion will betray him.

MR. B. (*aside, puzzled*) Why, what's he up to now?

DE W. Excellent young man, my sister has a—a—a little communication to make to you.

MR. B. To me?

EUPH. (*aside, looking from DE WALKER to BROMPTON*) There is a resemblance! (*aloud*) Ill-starred youth, heaven

knows your union with my niece was my dearest wish—but —

MR. B. (*impatiently*) Why, what's the matter now?

EUPH. Fate has decreed it otherwise—this marriage is impossible!

DE W. (*emphatically*) Out of the question!

MR. B. (*astounded*) The devil it is!

EUPH. (*tragically*) Young man, adieu!

DE W. (*with affected emotion*) Farewell—for ever!

MR. B. (*astonished*) Eh!

DE W. (*excessively flurried*) I—I—I wish you many happy returns of the day—No! I—I mean I wish you a very good morning—(*going*)

MR. B. (*who has stood in utter bewilderment hastily following DE WALKER*) Gently—gently—one moment if you please! When an accepted suitor is bundled out in this unceremonious manner, it's the fashion to tell him the reason.

EUPH. (*turning away*) Ask my brother!

MR. B. (*to DE WALKER*) Oblige me by —

DE W. (*turning away*) Ask my sister!

MR. B. Madam, I entreat —

EUPH. Question me not!

MR. B. (*bursting into a furious passion*) I'll not be made a shuttlecock of in this way! (*roaring*) I insist upon an explanation, or—(*seizing DE WALKER angrily by the collar*) or I'll know the reason why!

EUPH. (*tragically, stepping between them*) Hold, wretched young man—(*with tremendous emphasis*) would you strike your father? (*tableau.*)

MR. B. (*astounded*) My father!!!

DE W. (*awfully embarrassed*) I—I—I rather think somebody's calling me. (*endeavours to sneak off*)

MR. B. (*detaining him*) Why what fresh piece of humbug is this?

EUPH. (*sentimentally, to BROMPTON*) Do you remember the farm of Llandilodoodlums and the band of gypsies?

MR. B. Gypsies! (*aside*) By Jove, he's been at it again! I'll see how far he'll carry this joke. There's a portrait on the lid of my lozenge box— (*produces it*) I'll pretend to humour the notion (*affects to gaze with emotion on lid of box—pathetically*) Venerable parent! Do you recognize those features?

DE W. (*aside*) What does he mean? (*stammering violently but still affecting emotion*) Yes, yes! sainted Jenny ap Morgan Jones, these were thy lineaments!

ONE TOO MANY

MR. B. (*indignantly*) Why, you prince of humbugs, that's Jenny Lind!

EUPH. (*starting*) Jenny Lind!

DE W. (*incoherently*) A—a—it strikes me—a—a—there's a slight mistake—a—a—somewhere!

EUPH. (*shocked*) Is it possible! *Another* subterfuge! Theophilus. I'm ashamed of you, sir, and of myself too for believing such absurdities. You *naughty—naughty—naughty* man you! (*pinches him violently*)

DE W. (*roaring*) O-o-o-oh! (*hysterically*) A joke—a mere joke!

Enter ISABELLA and NANCY, L.

ISABEL. Why what's the matter with papa?

DE W. Oh, nothing—nothing—a mere joke! (*aside*) My mammoth dodge has failed—my inventive powers are utterly exhausted—I must temporize! (*aloud*) Ha! ha! ha! don't you see it was an ingenious ruse to test the sincerity of our young friend's affection. Fate seems to have decreed that she should become Mrs. *Dalston*.

MR. B. (*sharply*) Brompton, sir, if you please.

DE W. Ah, I knew it was some *suburb*. But I say, Brompton, out of sympathy to the feelings of a bereaved parent, you'll allow me to spend nine months out of the twelve with you?

MR. B. (*joyfully*) *Twelve* months out of the *nine*, if you like—you'll only have to step round the corner!

DE W. (*astounded*) Round the corner?

MR. B. Yes, my father has bought me a solicitor's business in this very town.

DE W. (*delighted*) In this very town! Then why the *devil* didn't you say so before? By Jove, here have I been doing my very utmost to get rid of the very suitor I'd have given worlds to find! Here! (*joining their hands*) take her my boy. The wedding shall come off this day *month*—no, this day *week*!

ALL. (*in chorus*) *De-lightful*!

NANCY. (*astounded*) Miss Bella is goin' to be married in right down earnest—*well I never*!

DE W. (*rubbing his hands gleefully*) Round the corner! (*aside*) I must make sure of this *excellent* young man. (*aloud*) A—a—what do you say to *to-morrow morning*?

MR. B. (*surprised*) Eh?

DE W. (*aside*) I—I shall never have such another chance. (*exultingly*) round the corner. (*aloud*) 'Couldn't the ceremony take place *this afternoon*?

MR. B. I—I havn't a white waistcoat!

DE W. I'll lend you one!

EUPH. Theophilus, you're too precipitate—we'll fix the date after dinner.

DE W. Very well. (*turning to NANCY*) Nancy, we'll dine early!

NANCY. Very good, sir! (*approaching DE WALKER*) I hope it's all right about that 'ere sovereign, sir?

DE W. (*to NANCY*) Sovereign! I promised you a sovereign if you succeeded. (*emphatically*) You shall have five pounds for failing!

NANCY. (*delighted*) Five pounds! I must be a dreamin! (*walks up*)

DE W. (*continuing, exultingly*) Round the corner, how delightful! However, it's lucky it has turned out as it has, for I clearly see (*to audience*) that when a certain young man has made up his mind to marry a certain young woman, and that certain young woman has also made up her mind to have that certain young man, whoever attempts to thwart them will find that they are —

ISABEL.

and

MR. B.

} (*taking DE WALKER by the arm*) ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM!

JURTAIN.

NOTICE.

The attention of those who take part in or organise dramatic representations should be called to the law on copyright. All representations of copyright dramatic works are liable to fees where money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets or programmes sold, a collection made, or where any theatre, hall, or other place be hired for such purpose. It is absolutely necessary that the fees for plays should be paid in advance and an authorised permission obtained, otherwise each person taking part, or causing such play to be represented, is severely liable to a penalty or damages. By means of the telegraph, injunctions can be obtained to restrain unauthorised performances, which if ignored, would lead to the imprisonment of the offenders. Agents are appointed in all parts of the kingdom, and are empowered to collect fees on behalf of the various authors or proprietors, and to exact full penalties where fees have not been paid in advance. Appended will be found a few of the many cases which have been disposed of in court. Any information on this subject can be obtained by sending a stamped directed envelope to

SAMUEL FRENCH, Ltd., 89, Strand, London, W.C.

Fees for plays on which MR. FRENCH owns or collects the acting right must be paid at the above address, or the authorised agents.

To prevent useless correspondence it must be strictly understood that no reduction can be made on account of a performance taking place for the benefit of a charity or any other cause whatever.

1. Every person who, without authority, takes part in any Play, or causes any Play to be represented, is liable to a penalty or damages. Penalties will always be stringently enforced in all cases where the title and names of the characters of a play have been changed or disguised.

By the 3rd and 4th Wm. IV., c. 15, sec. 2. — "If any person shall * * * represent, or cause to be represented, without the consent, in writing, of the Author or other Proprietor first had and obtained, at any place of dramatic entertainment within the British dominions, any such production as aforesaid, or any part thereof, every such offender shall be liable for each and every such representation to the payment of an amount not less than forty shillings, or to the full amount of a benefit or advantage arising from such representation, of the injury and loss sustained by the plaintiff therefrom."

2. It is no defence that the performance was in aid of a charity or by amateurs.

In the case of *Byron v. Finch*, tried before Theobald Purcell, Esq., County Court Judge at Limerick, in January, 1880. Mr. Connolly for the defence said:—"Was not the performance in aid of Barrington's Hospital? Mr. Byron wants to prevent it from being charitable here." The Judge said "There is no use in these observations, Mr. Connolly. If the Histrionic Society want to be charitable they cannot be so at Mr. Byron's expense." And in the case of *French v. Styles*, tried at the Bloomsbury County Court, London, in February, 1881, the defendant contended "that as he had not been paid for his services, and the performance was for the benefit of another member of the Club, he was not liable." The Judge, Francis Bacon, Esq., said "The law was very clear, and the defendant was liable."

3. It is immaterial where the performance takes place.

"What is said by all the Judges just comes to this, that the very first time you use a place for the performance of a dramatic piece, that constitutes the place then for the first time a 'Place of Dramatic Entertainment.' '*Palmer v. Brassington.*' " Judgment of Thomas Ellison, Esq., Judge of the County Court of Yorkshire, holden at Sheffield. "The use for the time in question, and not for a former time, is the essential fact. '*Russell v. Smith*,' 12 Q. B., N.S., 217."

4. It is no defence that money was not taken.

"Although in the case of '*Russell v. Smith*,' reference was made to the fact that no charge was made at the door, that was no element at all in considering the question whether a place is a place of Dramatic Entertainment. '*Palmer v. Brassington.*' "

Fees, however, need not be paid for performances taking place in a private dwelling house to invited guests, where no money or consideration be taken for admission, tickets or programmes sold, or a collection made.

5. Performances by Private Clubs.

"In the action *French v. Theobalds and others*, judgment was given in the Queen's Bench Division for separate penalties and for costs against the President and Secretary respectively of a Club when a dramatic piece was performed to an audience composed of members, and although no charge was made for admission, the subscription of membership was held to be the consideration for admission."

6. The fee must be paid prior to performance.

In the case of *French v. Dye*, heard at the Camberwell County Court; the defendant contended that he had tendered the fee after the performance, but that the plaintiff had refused to accept it. The Judge said that the law clearly stated that consent in writing of the Author or Proprietor must be first had and obtained, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for the full penalty and costs.

It is not required by law to have a notice printed on a play, to the effect that it is copyright, and a play must not be considered free because it does not contain such notice.

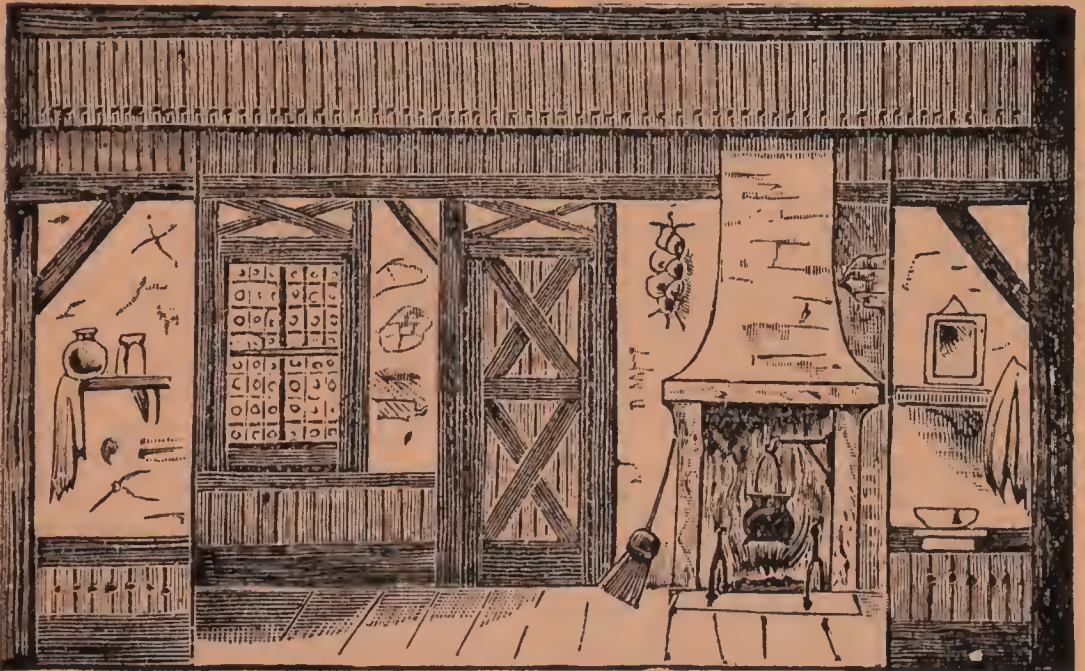
DRAWING ROOM.



Only kept in the large size, the back scene is 13 feet long and 9 feet high and extends with the Wings and Borders to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. In the centre is a French window, leading down to the ground, which could be made practicable if required. On the left wing is a fireplace with mirror above, and on the right wing is an oil painting. The whole scene is tastefully ornamented and beautifully coloured, forming a most elegant picture. The above is a representation of a box scene consisting of 38 sheets of paper, the extra sheets being used for the doors each side.

			£	s.	d.
Back Scene, Border, and 1 Set of Wings, unmounted	2	0	0
Ditto, mounted on canvas	4	4	0
Back Scene, Border, with 2 Sets of Wings as above to form Box					
Scene, unmounted	2	10	0
Ditto, mounted on canvas	5	5	0

COTTAGE.



This is also kept in the large size only. In the centre is a door leading outside. On the left centre is a rustic fireplace, and the right centre is a window. On the Wings are painted shelves, &c., to complete the scene. The above is a representation of this scene with 1 set of Wings only (not a Box Scene), but a Box Scene can be made by purchasing the extra set of Wings. Prices and size same as Drawing Room Scene above.

VOLUME 139.

- 207 Man Who Wasn't
- 2072 Comedy and Tragedy (Gilbert)
- 2073 Nine Days' Wonder
- 2074 In the Eyes of the World
- 2075 The Journey's End
- 2076 Pierrot and Pierrette
- 2077 Sad Memories
- 2078 Stolen Kisses
- 2079 Love and Dentistry
- 2080 Villain and Victim
- 2081 Kitty Clive
- 2082 The Interview
- 2083 Merrifield's Ghost
- 2084 Meadow Sweet
- 2085 Paper Chase

VOLUME 140.

- 2086 A Patron Saint
- 2087 Home Sweet Home
- 2088 Twilight
- 2089 Lady Interviewer
- 2090 Guinea Gold
- 2091 In Nelson's Days
- 2092 Jealousy
- 2093 An Old Garden
- 2094 White Stocking
- 2095 "Thrillby"
- 2096 In the Season
- 2097 Idyll of Closing Century
- 2098 Womans Proper Place
- 2099 Cross Roads
- 2100 Rats

VOLUME 141.

- 2101 Two Jolly Bachelors
- 2102 Semi-Detached
- 2103 April Showers
- 2104 Advice Gratis
- 2105 Man With Three Wives
- 2106 Norah
- 2107 The Other Woman
- 2108 The Lady Burglar
- 2109 Friend in Deed
- 2110 Mystification
- 2111 Mem. 7
- 2112 Vol. III.
- 2113 Miss Cleopatra
- 2114 Counsel's Opinion
- 2115 Purely Platonic

VOLUME 142.

- 2116 Imogen's New Cook
- 2117 Old Love Letters
- 2118 Man in the Street
- 2119 Balloon
- 2120 Barrister
- 2121 Lancashire Sailor
- 2122 Pair of Spectacles, 1s.
- 2123 Glass of Fashion, 1s.
- 2124 Fool's Paradise, 1s.
- 2125 Silver Shield, 1s.
- 2126 Six Persons
- 2127 Our New Butler
- 2128 Wayfarers
- 2129 Cross Questions and Crooked Answers
- 2130 Smoke, 1s.

VOLUME 143.

- 2131 Eternal Masculine
- 2132 Fashionable Intelligence
- 2133 A Perfect Cure
- 2134 Backward Child
- 2135 Shattered Nerves
- 2136 Bosom Friends
- 2137 Pamela's Prejudice
- 2138 Jerry and a Sunbeam
- 2139 Highland Legacy
- 2140 For the Third Time
- 2141 Golden Wedding
- 2142 Fair Equestrienne
- 2143 Make Yourself at Home
- 2144 Broken Ills
- 2145 For Papa's Sake

VOLUME 144.

- 2146 Confederates
- 2147 Grandmother's Gown
- 2148 Miss Honey's Treasure
- 2149 A Lady in Search of an Heiress
- 2150 The Lunatic
- 2151 Number 17
- 2152 Contradictions
- 2153 A Rainy Day
- 2154 Marriage of Convenience, 1s.
- 2155 Robespierre
- 2156 Cinders
- 2157 Aunt Minerva
- 2158 Brown Paper Parcel
- 2159 Nice Quiet Chat
- 2160 When the Wheels Run Down

VOLUME 145.

- 2161 At Cross Purposes
- 2162 Tom, Dick and Harry
- 2163 Pair of Knickerbocker
- 2164 Rift Within the Lute
- 2165 Little Miss Muffet
- 2166 Cupid in Ermine
- 2167 Prior Claim
- 2168 Sudden Squall
- 2169 Cissy's Engagement
- 2170 My Son and I
- 2171 Young Mrs. Winthrop
- 2172 Hazel Kirk
- 2173 Shades of Night
- 2174 Such is Fame
- 2175 Neither of Them

VOLUME 146.

- 2176 Gentleman Jim
- 2177 Prude's Progress
- 2178 Nicholete
- 2179 Confusion, 1s.
- 2180 Chums
- 2181 Six and Eightpence
- 2182 Sympathetic Souls
- 2183 Head of Romulus
- 2184 The Guv'nor, 1s.
- 2185 Two Misses Ibbetson
- 2186 Pendrudge v. Preti-won

- 2187 Money Spinner, 1s.
- 2188 Have You Got That £10 Note?
- 2189 Miss Flipper's Holiday
- 2190 Too Happy by Half

VOLUME 147.

- 2191 My Sweetheart
- 2192 Queen's Messenger
- 2193 Wedding Breakfast
- 2194 My Soldier Boy
- 2195 Jane, 1s.
- 2196 Little Lord Fauntleroy, 1s.
- 2197 Pity of it.
- 2198 Charitable Bequest
- 2199 Desperate Remedies
- 2200 Mrs. or Miss
- 2201 Aunt Jane's Flat
- 2202 Crystal Gazer
- 2203 Castle in Spain
- 2204 Strange Relation
- 2205 Act of Piracy

VOLUME 148.

- 2206 Browne with an "e"

JUST PUBLISHED—

JEDBURY JUNIOR - 1/6.

LIBERTY HALL - 1/6.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY - 1/6.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW 1/6.

Shadow Pantomimes. With numerous illustrations. 1s.

Amateurs' Guide, Handbook and Manual. 1s.

Tableaux Vivants. Arranged for Private Representations. 1s.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Four Parts. 1s. each.